

J. Cole

"Good Game"

Visit "[Good Game](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hey, hey (Yeah)
Hey (Warm Up, Warm Up)
Uh (Warm Up, Warm Up)
Hip-Hop game, haha
Warm Up, yeah
Ay bring them drums in
Hip-Hop game n*gga
Ay, Warm Up
Got a dolla and a dream
Just watch n*gga
Warm Up!

Yeah, hey!
Hey, I'm just a Carolina n*gga goin' hard for the 'Ville
I ain't seen six figures but I feel like a mill'
Cause I'm fresh up off the deal, will I chill? Never that!
I'm the hottest n*gga out and you could tell the devil
that
Got that crack! Went from pebble to that Roc, pedal
that
So much bass, I mean n*ggas can't tell where the
trouble at
On the track, n*ggas can't keep up, they look, they
trailin' back
Now they bustas couldn't catch up even if I pedal back
Won't lose, bet on that! I'll be in debt forever
Plus whatever Jigga say, I'm hot
That's like the Pac off, ghetto black
Now these industry n*ggas like damn, "Jay said all
that? "
Same n*ggas could've signed me, now they gon regret
all that
Bet on that! B*tch, this my beat, look how I get on that
sh*t
I'm on it like I own it cus I sewn it
Needle and thread, hip-hop peers know them drums
express yourself
Aye look, I tried to school these n*ggas, they need
extra help
I mean they just don't get the message dawg, no test
could help

And now I'm on some 'f*ck you n*ggas', go molest
yourself
I'm tryna ball til I fall, catch myself, then ball again
Fall to the floor, dust myself, do it all again
Part of him, sick n*gga, never been a b*tch n*gga
Spit it for them ones like me who never been a rich
n*gga
Had to dream to make a team and get up off the bench
n*gga
You f*ckin' with me, your eyes is slimma then a stick
figure,
Get bigga n*gga

Hey, blood, sweat and tears, I paid my price
Hey, so come and get this good game
Aye you should come and get this good game
Hey, hey
I pray for days and nights I gave my life
Hey, so you can come and get this good game
Think you should come and get this good game
Hey heeey

Yeah
I'm just a down south n*gga, lil' east coast flow
From the concrete jungle where the trees don't grow
From the 'Ville, where the motherf*ckin' streets so cold
N*gga I could show you streets where police won't go
We just tryna get a piece, my n*gga we so po'
Why you lookin' at him, wonderin' why he sold dope
Or why she smoke crack? Or why he tot gats?
Gotta stay up on your toes cus if your feet both flat
A n*gga heat gon' clap, your heartbeat go flat
The Lord giveth and He taketh, while he repo that
They don't quiver, they don't shake, man they just
reload gats
So much beef for a n*gga to have a feast on that
Now a n*gga like myself ain't had to keep no gats
But nowadays mo'f*ckers is weak, won't scrap
So them OG's tell a n*gga, "Please, roll strapped"
It's f*cked up a n*gga man it be's like that
It be's like that (Hey) and it be's like that (Hey)
Them boys from the 'Ville and yeah it be's like that

Hey, blood, sweat and tears, I paid my price (Yeah, J.
Cole n*gga)
Hey, so come and get this good game
(Shut me out man, shout out to Hip-Hop game)
Aye you should come and get this good game
(Uh uh uh uh, the Warm Up) Hey, hey
I pray for days and nights I gave my life
(Shout out to my n*gga Elite and that's me on the beat,

yeah)
Hey, so you can come and get this good game
(Look out for, for that Warm Up!)
Think you should come and get this good game
(Watch out for, for that Warm Up!)
Hey heeey (And I'm out)
Hey heeey (B*tch)
Hey heeey
Hey heeey
Hey heeey

Visit [J. Cole](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.